

near Lady C., bearing and bending over a large flat stone, which he had hardly strength to carry, and with his eye rivetted to as if he were perusing it, he sat down on the ground apparently without observing her, near Lady C.'s feet. The hair, as he studiously bent over the stone, hung in tangled masses over his face, so as to hide all but its outline. At this moment Lady C. heard Mrs. Bathurst approaching from behind. She pointed to the man, and signified to her not to disturb him. The guide misinterpreting her action, said "Fear nothing, my lady, he's an innocent madman, who passes his time wandering about these ruins, digging and groping—half the world are somewhat in his way—the Virgin muddles their brains and sends them here to spend their money in poor old Italy. By St. Peter!" he continued, going close to the antiquary and bending over him, "he has found something worth while this time. What is it my good fellow?"

The crazed man, after scraping away the plaster and rubbish that adhered to the stone, had found what he sought, an inscription, defaced, and so far obliterated that no mortal could make it out, but this in no sort abated his joy—it was an inscription made by hands that had mouldered for centuries. Whether it now or ever signified anything he cared not. He clapped his hands, and as if for the first time conscious of the presence of others, he shook back his hair, and turned his eyes toward the ladies for sympathy—sympathy, the first and last want of human nature. His eyes met Mrs. Bathurst's—his mother's. He did not move, but from the gush of blood over the deathlike paleness of his cheek, and a slight tremor that suddenly pervaded his whole frame, it was evident he recognized her, and that he felt at the same moment his changed and strange condition. The mother knew her son at a glance, and exclaiming "Murray!" sprang to him and enclosed him in her arms. A shout burst from him so loud and so protracted, that it seemed as if it must shiver his frame—his mother recoiled and sunk fainting in Lady C.'s arms.

The story of the unfortunate antiquarian has been already too long and too particular, and I shall only briefly add what remains to be told. A perfect stupor succeeded to Murray Bathurst's recognition of his mother, and his first consciousness of his wretched condition. A fever ensued—medical attendants—tender nursing most remedial, the comforts from which he had been long estranged, nature and youth all combined to do the work of restoration. With the return of reason, came a horror of the passion that had led him astray, and he became as impatient as he had been reluctant to leave Italy. He remembered that after reaching Civita, he felt like a lover tearing himself from the object of his passion. His day after day he delayed taking his passage. After wandering about late one night, he remembered awaking in the morning with a high fever, and from that time his memory became more and more obscure. He had dim recollections of being transported from one place to another, of missing, one after another, his articles of dress—of dreams of hunger and thirst—of finding jugs of water and bread at his bedside—finally, all became a blank, till he awoke in his mother's arms. Mrs. Bathurst, fearful of a relapse into his old habits of mind, lost no time in leaving Italy. She had since kept Lady C. informed of the progress of her son's cure, which she now believed to be a radical. He had the good sense to avoid all every thing associated with it. His uncle had sent him with open arms, comforting him with the verification of his prognostics for the past trials of his nephew, and saying, somewhat coarsely, that to be sure the hair of the same dog would cure the bite, if you ate hide and all.

A more fitting mistress than Italy had taken possession of the young man's imagination, and health and cheerfulness were in her train. The last letter communicated the marriage of the cousins—and now Mrs. Bathurst said they could look back with tranquil minds, to that "beautiful region" where

"A spirit hangs o'er towns and farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs."

From the Columbia Magazine.

THE BLIND CHILD.

A SKETCH FROM THE NOTES OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

By Rev. G. A. Noble, M. D.

Among all the learned professions there is none so well adapted to correct observation on the frailties of human life, and the evanescence of earthly hopes and prospects, as that of medicine. How necessary soever it may be that the medical practitioner should, in the discharge of his arduous and responsible duties, display at all times an indomitable fortitude, there are few of the profession who have not, on some occasions, been constrained to respond to the calls of sympathy and "weep with them that weep." It does behoold that hand from the stroke of which he himself can claim no exemption. With what painful anxiety does he behold the wasting progress of disease, setting at defiance all his solicitude and skill; and when nature has proclaimed the scale of destiny against him, that a higher than an earthly power has rendered the combination of all his resources futile and unavailing—few can estimate the unexpressed sorrow that wrings his heart.

It was one morning between nine and ten o'clock, just as I was preparing to visit the ward, that I was waited on by a poor woman,

whose eldest child had, but a few months before, been successfully treated under my care for an affection of the spine. She was a widow, and appeared to have seen better days. She brought with her a child about four years of age, laboring under a severe attack of inflammation of the eyes. I told her of the Eye Infirmary, and that to admit her child as an hospital patient would be outstepping the line of my duty: this did not settle the matter however. She pleaded for her admission; but I was determined not to move a jot beyond the rules of the institution. I proposed to give her a note to the surgeon of the Eye Infirmary, recommending her child to his special attention; but it was vain. I was assailed with a flood of tears, and told over and over again of the skill I had displayed in the cure of her eldest child, so that, moved by the woman's distress, and doubtless a little by her flattery, I resolved to stretch a point for once and place her on my list.

On examining the eyes, I found that too much time had already been lost. The eyeballs and membranous linings of the eyelids were of a dusky red color; the vessels of the eyes were turgid and prominent; the whole of the cornea was of a dusky color and appeared interspersed all over with small white specks, and there was an immense discharge of thin pus. Every now and then a vivid pain shot through the eyeballs which caused the poor little sufferer to wince in agony. To the question, "Can you see, my dear," she replied, "A little, sir." To the mother I said, "How long is it, madam, since her eyes became ill?" "Upwards of six weeks, sir." "And why did you not apply sooner?" "Oh, your honor, I was told to poultice them with loaf bread and buttermilk, and they would soon be well; but now, sir, I fear they will never get well." A few such questions and observations passed, while the poor woman, unable to repress the emotions of a mother's heart, wept bitterly for her "lovely Lucy," as she endearingly called her. And she was really a lovely, sweet child; her hair was a deep yellow, and hung in loose tresses over her broad shoulders; her chest and neck would have been a worthy subject for the pencil of a Raphael. In short her whole figure was one of exquisite symmetry and proportion; and then her countenance, marred as it was by a green bandage across her eyes, wore the deepest expression of childish innocence and intelligence. Seeing, that if a cure was to be attempted at all, a speedy application was necessary, I ordered leeches and blisters behind the ears: prescribed an astringent wash to be used frequently, together with some cooling medicine; and as she was to remain under the care of her mother, I gave directions that she should be brought to me every morning and evening, so that I might with my own hands apply an injection containing a weak solution of nitrate of silver.

These active measures seemed to have an excellent effect, and for several days kept the disease at bay, so that I began to entertain some hope of ultimately effecting a cure. I soon became deeply interested in my little patient. She was really a sweet child; so tractable, so patient, and withal so fond of me, that, do what I would, a murmur or complaint never would escape her. And often, when about to strip off the bandage, she would say to me, "Now, doctor, if you hurt me I won't cry." The influence which the innocence and artlessness of infancy can wield over the affections of maturer age is not a little remarkable. For my own part, I confess the fate of poor little Lucy became to me an object of deep solicitude, and I would have given the world to be able to cure her. It is true the withering hand of misfortune had never blunted the susceptibilities and sympathies of my heart. But what of that, supposing the evil days had come and the storms of subsequent years had ravaged my bosom, still a chord remained which would have vibrated to every pang of my little patient. Her mother told me that she looked forward to coming to have her eyes dressed with joyfulness, and if fretful, it was always sufficient to quiet her to tell her that her doctor would not love her if she cried or was naughty. With the most tranquil submission she would sit, with her little hands clasped together in her lap, whilst I cleared away the discharge from her eyes, and threw in the injection which, although it gave her a momentary pain, was soon followed by relief; and then she would gently raise up the eyelids with her little finger, and with an engaging little smile say, "I see you, Doctor." It would not be easy to describe the delight with which I heard this simple announcement for several days. And although the opinion of the visiting physicians was, from the beginning, highly discouraging, still I hoped against hope. But the baselessness of my hopes was soon to appear. One morning, on fetching her to me, her mother said she feared her dear Lucy had got cold in her eyes, for she had passed a very restless night, and had often screamed out with the pain that shot through them. This looked ominous; I felt as if electrified. But fortunately at this moment the visiting surgeon made his call and I felt my mind in some measure relieved; but my suspicions were confirmed by his opinion. With a careful hand he stripped off the bandage containing a small cold poultice, and on his gently pressing the eyelids with his fingers I saw, with inexpressible sorrow, that all my anxiety and care had failed. Rapid ulceration had taken place; the crystalline lenses of both eyes escaped with the gush of matter and the dear little child was blind. The injured organs sunk in, and she was in a measure freed from pain, but for ever denied the blessing and pleasure of looking on the fair scenery of nature again. My throat swelled, and I think I dropped a tear. A sterner disposition might have condemned it—called it weakness; but I could not help it. In melancholy silence and with a trembling hand I pro-

ceeded to dress her, and with painful regret waited to hear what the poor child would say. Like a ray of sunbeam did the accustomed smile pass over her sweet features; her fingers were applied to her eyelids, she turned toward me, and paused for a moment. The artless smile vanished; and, in a subdued and plaintive tone, she said, "I can't see you, doctor;" but instantly resuming her wonted cheerfulness, she rejoined, "but I shall see you to-morrow." The poor mother was standing by, and though she comprehended the worst, she spoke not a word; still the quivering lip and flushed countenance showed the complainings of a heart filled with bitterness. The visiting surgeon turned to her, endeavored to explain the circumstance, and having offered her a few words of consolation, made his bow. A few more visits rendered medical aid unnecessary to Lucy's eyes, as they healed up in a short time. Still she appeared very happy and cheerful, and the last words I ever heard her speak I may not soon forget. Her mother, taking her up in her arms to carry her home from the hospital for the last time, sobbed out, "you can't see the doctor now, my dear;" to which the sweet child replied, "But I shall see him to-morrow, ma'am!" Then turning toward me she continued, "Won't I, sir? won't I see you to-morrow?"

From the Columbian Magazine.

WINTRY RAIN.

BY JAMES P. JETT.

As drives the wintry rain,
Their sad estate how many hearts deplore!
How many, struggling with their lots in vain,
Among the humble poor!

How many strive to fill
Mouths wildly crying for their daily bread,
And struggle on with penury, until
They rest among the dead!

Let not the lip be curled;
Let not the eye be turned away in scorn;
Minds which with culture might have graced
The world
Dwell with the lowly born!

Dark circumstance has crushed
The germs of genius, which, if early nursed
Had sprung to useful vigor and rushed
Onward among the first.

And wisdom often glows
In minds obscure, beneath exterior rude,
As often blooming will be found the rose
In the deep solitude.

Ye who in splendor roll!
As wide to social joy is thrown the door,
O keep one sunny corner of the soul
Still kindled for the poor!

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

The following beautiful illustration of life is from the celebrated Bishop Heber's farewell sermon, delivered many years since, upon the eve of his departure for India to his parishioners at Hodnet, in England.

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on and still our hands are empty."

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry before us, we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens towards its home—the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and the Eternal."

"And do we still take so much thought for the future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us?—Can we still set our hearts upon the creature of God, when we find, by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not lay aside every sin which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfarers persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest which we have obtained in his abiding mercies?"

From the London Athenaeum.

THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

LETTERS from Constantinople announce that M. Botta has nearly completed his discoveries in the subterranean palace of the ancient Nineveh. He was then on the point of clearing the grand southern facade.—The vast entrance of this front is entirely cleared; six colossal bulls, with the heads of men, and two human statues, also colossal, strangling lions in their arms, form its principal ornaments. These sculp-

tures are said to be of great beauty, and as fresh as if executed yesterday. The two bulls in the centre, as seen from the front, form the entrance pillars. The animals have inscriptions between their feet, some of which have however, been cut away by the chisel, so as to leave only their traces; a circumstance which would seem to indicate that a new dynasty, or a new monarch, taking possession of the palace, had removed the inscriptions of his predecessors. M. Botta is anxious to transport these figures to Paris; but the physical difficulties are very great. Still, he hopes to remove them, on wooden rollers, to the Tigris which is five leagues from Khorsabad, whence they might go, by the first flood, to Bassora, and there be received on board a ship of war for France. This discovery of M. Botta's is one of the most valuable which has been made for many years in the field of archaeology, supplying an important link, hitherto wanting, and believed to be irrecoverable, in the history of the arts amongst the earliest civilization of the world. It deserves therefore, some words of further notice, which we collect from the French papers in general, and the *Revue de Paris* in particular. The Greek historians and the books of the Old Testament, furnish the very vaguest hints as to the condition of art amongst the Medes, Assyrians and Babylonians; and hitherto no monuments were known to exist by which they were more fully represented. Unlike the cities of ancient Egypt, which have transmitted to our times, almost in their integrity, the arts of their builders, the great cities of Central Asia—Susa, Ecbatana, Babylon, Nineveh—have perished from the face of the earth, leaving, in the language of ancient prophecy, scarcely one stone upon another. Dreary mounds of rubbish traversed by deep and narrow ravines that indicate the lines of the streets, alone mark the sites of these mighty cities, Nineveh, the city of 1500 towers, whose walls were 100 feet in height, and had space on their summit for three chariots abreast, seemed more utterly ruined than even Babylon; yet from beneath its dust has the long buried art of the Assyrians been recovered, and an impulse been communicated which may end in bringing, through future excavations, our knowledge of the former to something of a level with our understanding of Egyptian art. M. Botta, as our readers know, is a distinguished archaeologist, who was French consul at Mosul; and there, his neighbourhood to the ancient Nineveh inspired him with an earnest desire to try some excavations in the soil of the lost city. His first attempt was on the most conspicuous mass (for the ruins of the various gigantic edifices of old present now the appearance of separate barren hills) near the village of Ninioah supposed by tradition to be the tomb of Ninus.

Here, however, finding only broken bricks and insignificant fragments, he opened his trenches in the side of another hillock, on whose summit is built the village of Khorsabad,—where bricks had been frequently found covered with inscriptions in the cuneiform or arrow-headed letter. It was principally the hope of finding out inscriptions which might help by comparison to decipher the cuneiform writings, hitherto unreadable, that had tempted M. Botta to these explorations. Something of the success our readers know. An Assyrian edifice has been recovered in a state of unlooked for preservation. On this discovery, as our readers know, the French government supplied M. Botta with the means of continuing his researches, and sent out M. Flauden to make drawings of whatever could not be removed. A tolerable judgment may now, from what is laid open, be formed of the extent and importance of these ancient constructions. Fifteen halls of this vast palace with their corresponding esplanade, have been cleared. The rest of the monument, it is made quite certain, has been destroyed—intentionally however, the stones having been carried off to serve for other buildings.

A fortunate accident—that would seem an evil one at the time—has preserved us what remains. This portion of the palace has been ravaged by fire, which has entirely destroyed only the timbers of the roof;—but as the other calcined materials were rendered useless for new constructions, they have been left where they were; and thus one third of the edifice remains, to testify of the rest. The fragments thought worthy of being collected and transmitted to France, are numerous and important enough to load a ship.

From the English Review.

THE ABORIGINAL TYPE OF MANKIND.

THEY who contend for the descent of the human race from a single pair, must be grievously at a loss respecting the stature, the colour, and the figure of the first man and the first woman. An European artist would, doubtless, invest them with the noblest classical proportions and the finest European complexion. The African, as certainly, would picture them both as negroes. With regard to animals which have never been domesticated, there might be a somewhat better chance of our approximating to the truth. But even these have their varieties; and we are without the means of positively ascertaining whether these varieties were aboriginal, or whether they were the gradual result of subsequent accidents and influences. Under these circumstances, we must content ourselves with the best evidence we are able to procure. Now, very cogent evidence has been copiously supplied to us from various sources; but more especially by the first conquerors of America; who, from time to time, colonized the new world with tribes of domesticated European animals. Their races multiplied exceedingly, and several of them ran wild in the vast forests of America, till all the traces of domestication were gradually